

BETWEEN TWO NEW YEARS.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.



REAT and prolonged cold marked the winter of '71-'72, which, from the commencement, showed itself fully determined to claim autocratic dominion and thoroughly enjoy every moment of its sway. There were

no breaks, no thaws, and no treacherous days of soft breezes, to delude one into the belief that the worst was over. For weeks, snow shrouded the brown earth and draped the bare boughs with its white radiance. At Hillover, way up in the North Country, the ice-king held triumphant reign—biting days and windy nights were the rule.

Perhaps these wintry days would not have seemed so dreary to one of the residents in the vicinity of Hillover, had they not succeeded a year spent in Italy—for Barbara Maverick and her step-mother had just returned to the ancestral home in the autumn. Yet the summer days that followed, when nature awoke to gladness, and the world was green again, were far drearier ones to poor Barbara; it was then that she learned her first lesson in human faithlessness.

Poor Barbara! To be shut up in a dreary country-house through a long cold winter, after months of youth—and love—and Italy. No wonder she grew weary.

"You are lonely, my dear," said Lady Maverick, one day in December. "I shall have to invite some young people here for the holidays."

Barbara revived at once.

"I wish you would," she cried, eagerly; "that would be delightful!" And, after that, she went about the house singing, for hope had wakened in her heart.

A little frown crossed Lady Maverick's brow at this sudden restoration of Barbara's lately lost gayety, but she said nothing.

One of the greatest puzzles to the young girl—she had another still more perplexing—was why her step-mother, after spending a winter in Florence, and a summer at the Baths of Lucca, had suddenly announced her intention of returning to the family home, which Barbara had scarcely seen for years.

"Business," Lady Maverick had said, with an air of being weighted with heavy responsibilities; and her care-free step-daughter, to whom the word was a complete mystery, acquiesced with inward rebellings.

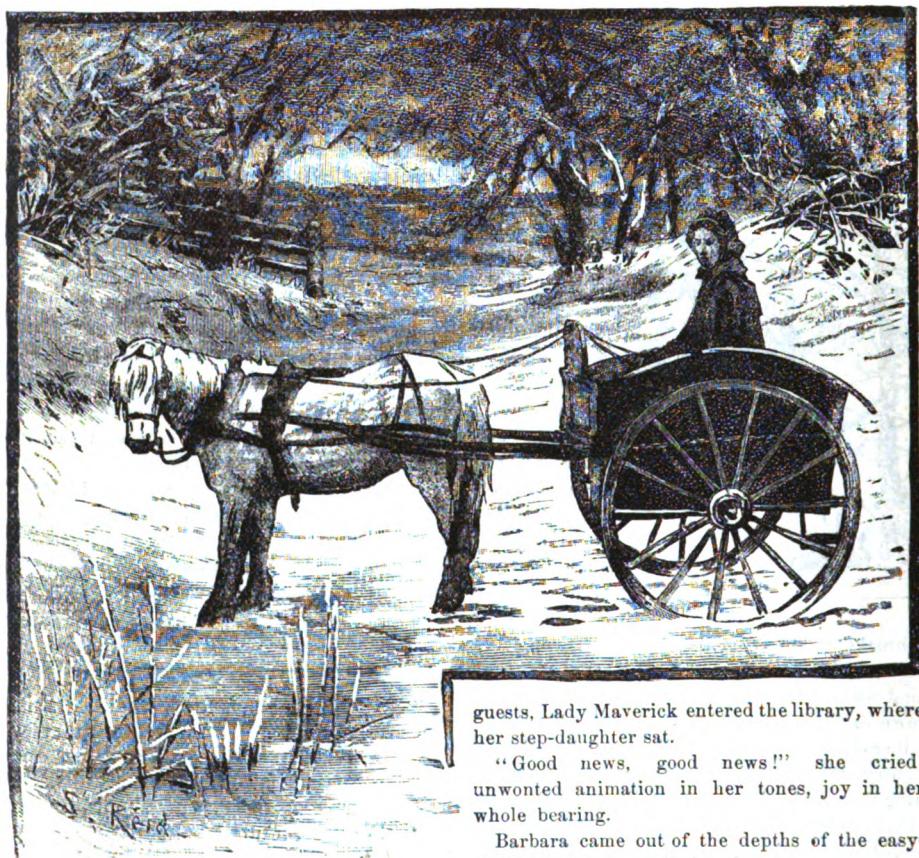
The first Lady Maverick had died when Barbara was a baby, but Sir Henry did not re-marry until his daughter was in her teens. She had at once been sent away to school, where she remained, excepting an interval of return at her father's death, until she was eighteen. Since then, the two women had spent a couple of years in travel abroad. So Barbara scarcely knew her own home.

Sir Henry's second wife was a widow with one son, whom Barbara had seen but a few times, as for several years he had been stationed in India with his regiment, in which his step-father had purchased him a commission.

The bulk of her father's property, which was very large, was left by will to Barbara, but the widow had the charge of it until the heiress should arrive at the age of twenty-one or marry. Comfortable sums had been bequeathed to Lady Maverick and her son, so that she could not complain. Nor did Barbara object to the arrangement, for she liked her step-mother very much, and dreaded the responsibility of looking after property, as was only natural in an untrained girl.

For years, Barbara had heard Captain Astley's praises sung by his mother, until, though rather tired of them, she was curious to see the young man, whom she did not remember, as he had gone to India soon after her father's death. But this curiosity was slight, for Barbara's interest in the male sex was confined almost exclusively to one specimen, whom she had met in Italy.

The Mavericks had first become acquainted with Dale Owen in Florence; and, when the summer heat drove them to the Baths of Lucca, he had, to all appearances, followed them thither. Curiously enough, though they did not need



that tie, he was also from the North Country, and the Owen estate lay but a few miles the other side of Hillover. They had known each other when little children, and the memory of the childish intimacy gave additional impetus to the new friendship, which Barbara began to feel sure was something more.

Then business—hateful word to the young girl—called Mr. Owen away, with only a hasty farewell.

“Good-bye, Miss Barbara,” he had said, tenderly; “we shall see each other soon again.”

“I hope so,” was all she could falter, for the look in his gray eyes told a different story from the commonplace words, and they were not alone.

That was all; and, afterward, business had called them home, too. Surely he would learn this, and call, she told herself—but he had not yet, and they had been home nearly two months. Little wonder that the snow looked dreary to poor Barbara.

A few days after her proposal to invite some

guests, Lady Maverick entered the library, where her step-daughter sat.

“Good news, good news!” she cried, unwonted animation in her tones, joy in her whole bearing.

Barbara came out of the depths of the easy-chair, sudden hope in her heart.

“What?” she asked, with newly awakened eagerness.

“Henry is coming—he is on the way now—he hardly dared tell me before, for fear something might happen—his regiment is ordered home,” went on Lady Maverick.

“I am very glad, indeed,” exclaimed Barbara, all the interest she could summon in her tone.

A little while before, she would have felt more gladness; but she was young, and her own doubts and trouble absorbed her.

“It will make the house more cheerful,” her ladyship continued. “Will you forgive me, Barbara, if I want to keep Henry to ourselves for a short time? Later on, we will have some people here.”

“It doesn’t matter in the least,” answered the girl, wearily, not noticing the pronoun. The idea of guests had even lost its interest—he would not be among the number.

In the meantime, while great preparations were being made for Captain Astley’s arrival, Barbara’s old nurse, the most unlikely person in

the world to assume such a character, became a "deus ex machina" in the tragedy of poor Barbara's life.

Jogging along in her little wagon, behind her stupid old horse, late one December afternoon, Nurse Hillary met with an accident. The horse

stumbled and fell into a rut, unnoticed in the twilight; the old woman was thrown out and broke her arm. To an aged person, it was not surprising that the injury should prove serious, and Nurse Hillary was confined to the bed in her little cottage for weeks. Nor was it strange



that Barbara felt it her duty to give the faithful old dependent her own personal attention. Yet, in the course of one of these visits, an event occurred of terrible importance to Barbara.

Before it took place, however, Captain Astley arrived, a handsome young fellow of six and twenty. Barbara liked him at once, though she

could not help secretly comparing him to the absent—not without disadvantage, of course, to the gallant young officer.

He had been in some slight skirmishes with the natives, and had hunted tigers in the jungles, so that his conversation and autobiographical narratives were very entertaining, not

only to his devoted mother, but to unhappy Barbara. For awhile, things brightened up a little, and she felt a slight interest in life.

December and January went by, slowly enough to Barbara, quickly to the other two. Lady Maverick proposed that they should have a house-party, but the two young people vetoed the proposition.

"We are better off as we are; isn't that so, Barbara?" asked Henry, eagerly.

Barbara assented somewhat listlessly. She disliked the thought of having to exert herself to entertain visitors, and Henry preferred to be the only one to talk to the beautiful girl who seemed almost sad.

"I thought you told me that Barbara had a very lively disposition," the young man remarked to his mother, one evening.

"She used to be very lively," replied Lady Maverick, a slight frown on her brow, "when she was younger. She is older now—more matured and graver naturally."

The captain smiled.

"She is hardly a Methuselah, even yet," he said. "She looks as if she were not quite happy."

Spring had come, according to the calendar, although there were few signs of it in the wintry landscape; and Barbara still found, in visits to the now convalescent invalid, an excuse for the long solitary walks, so dear in these days to her tired soul. Occasionally, Henry accompanied her, but to-day he was in town; so she started alone, a little basket of jelly and fruit in her hand. It was quite a distance to Nurse Hillary's cottage, which lay on the other side of Hillover; but Barbara always resolutely declined taking the carriage.

The rapidity with which she walked brought an unwonted color to her cheeks, and made her so warm that she was glad to loosen her thick ulster. Coming around a bend between some great leafless trees, Barbara met another woman, about her own age and very pretty, apparently also bent on an errand of mercy, for she carried a little basket in her hand.

The newcomer looked so bright and pleasant, that Barbara not only wondered who the stranger could be, but felt tempted to speak to her. Occupied with this thought, Miss Maverick did not notice a slight inequality in the ground, stumbled, and would have fallen had not the other lady caught both arm and basket.

"Did you hurt yourself?" inquired a sweet voice. And a pair of gentle brown eyes lent by their expression an additional solicitude to the question.

"Not at all, thanks to your assistance," was the cordial reply. Then, with a quick impulse, she added: "I am Barbara Maverick: I live at Maverick Hall. Let me thank you again."

A pleased expression woke in the listener's face.

"How glad I am!" she cried. "I am Mrs. Owen. I have often heard Dale—Mr. Owen—speak of you. How pleased he will be—"

But Barbara interrupted her, face and manner completely altered.

"I am delighted to have met you. But you must excuse me now—this is my destination." She spoke in frigidly polite tones. "Good-morning. I should be glad to have you call." And Barbara hastened toward the cottage near at hand, leaving Mrs. Owen standing in amazement, gazing after her with a reproachful look in the childish brown eyes.

Barbara hurried through the visit at Nurse Hillary's in some fashion, and started homeward as soon as possible. She wanted to be alone and to think.

Had she heard aright, or had her ears deceived her? The stranger had certainly said "Mrs. Owen"; and there could be one Mrs. Owen—Dale's wife. That accounted for everything—his silence was explained. There was no other explanation; he had no brothers—they had all died single, the last one about six months before they met in Florence, so suddenly that the shock had hastened the end of the mother, a sufferer from heart-disease. Barbara remembered now how affectionately he had spoken of his brother Arthur, older than himself.

How strange it was, Dale had remarked, that all the children should have died unmarried, leaving him sole possession of the family estate. From a worldly point of view, of course, it was better for him; but he would have preferred not being entirely alone. Still, if he should marry, it would be better for his wife.

All this Barbara remembered with perfect clearness: how he had given her a half-glance as he spoke of marrying, which had brought a blush to her cheek in spite of herself. The memory of that blush made her furiously angry now—more at herself than at him.

But perhaps she—this pretty sweet-faced girl, with the soft voice and brown eyes—was a cousin's wife. No. Again Barbara remembered with terrible distinctness Mr. Owen's saying rather sadly:

"I haven't even any cousins of the same name. I am the last of the family left; in all the North Country, I have no relatives. The family has died out very fast."



She remembered how sorry she had felt, how sorry she had looked. She hated herself for it now. There seemed no possibility of mistake—still, she would make sure: she would ask Lady Maverick—she could find out; the usual channel of information in such cases, her maid, being a Frenchwoman, who hardly spoke a word of English. Always before, Barbara had been glad

that gossip was out of the question; now, in her desperation, she was sorry.

But, at last, the long solitary walk was over—Barbara's reflections must be disturbed. She managed, however, to get to her own room without seeing anyone. By dinner-time, she was sufficiently used to her new misery to meet her step-mother with something like her usual

manner; but she was glad that Captain Astley had not yet returned.

Toward the close of the evening—the longest, dreariest evening she had ever spent—Barbara contrived to say in careless tones:

"I met a Mrs. Owen to-day, quite accidentally. I suppose she must be Dale Owen's wife."

"I suppose so," answered Lady Maverick, with a keen side-glance at Barbara: "since there is no other of the family, I believe. But I should like to know—I must inquire."

"I wish you would," said her step-daughter, in what she tried hard to make a voice of languid curiosity. And she succeeded very well.

A few days later, her ladyship informed Barbara what that young lady felt quite certain of already—that the Mrs. Owen she had met was indeed Dale Owen's wife. The two did not meet again, however; for Miss Maverick always took her walks in the opposite direction now.

And Dale Owen, in Paris, read the following in a letter from home:

"I met Barbara Maverick, yesterday, in an unexpected accidental way. She was charming till she discovered who I was; when I spoke of you, her manner changed completely—she was almost rude. Perhaps you were right. They say she is engaged to Lady Maverick's son, Captain Astley."

This last report was indeed current in the neighborhood, for Captain Astley had become openly attentive. Everyone saw the meaning of his devotion save Barbara, who, in her misery, was blind to it. He accompanied her on long rambles in the delicious spring days; or, sometimes, when she frankly told him that she preferred to be alone, he staid at home uncomplainingly, at her service again when she returned. When Barbara felt too listless even to walk—for her mood changed—he would sit in the library and read or talk to her, as she preferred. She accepted all this devotion unthinkingly, being in that languid state, both of mind and body, when human beings allow themselves to drift along, perhaps to repent afterward when it is too late.

"I must join my regiment in a few days," said Henry, abruptly, one morning in May. He and Barbara were alone when he spoke.

The young girl was aroused from the deep reverie into which she had fallen, musing on the past.

"Why, this is sudden, Henry. I am very sorry. I thought you would stay with us always."

"Not unless I sold out." Then in impassioned tones he hurried on in his declaration:

"I love you, Barbara, I love you. I want you to be more than sorry."

She gazed at him in sad amazement.

"I am very sorry," she repeated, but she meant it differently now.

He was going to speak, but she would not let him.

"Wait, listen," she said. "I can never love you, for I have loved someone else as we never love but once. He has been false—or perhaps I was mistaken—at any rate, I thought he cared for me. Forget me, dear Henry, forget me."

But the ardent lover still urged his suit.

"I will wait," he said, "wait for years, till time has healed your wound. I will be content to accept very little."

Since he would not accept a definite "No," Barbara made an indefinite promise. Perhaps, in the future, if she could forget. So Captain Astley went away, and with this arrangement Lady Maverick had to be content. She at once proposed taking her step-daughter away, as her health seemed poor, so they spent the summer and autumn in constant travel.

When winter came, Barbara was tired of it all, and begged to go home. So December found them once more in Maverick Hall.

The old year went out sadly, wearily enough to the lonely girl in the great silent house, without even Henry to comfort her. She missed him, she realized, but alas! she also knew that there was a greater void in her life than even his undoubted devotion could fill.

The old year went out stormily, too, in ice and snow, befitting, poor Barbara thought, the cruel work it had done, ending so ruthlessly her fair romance. New-Year Day dawned bright and cold and clear on a white world. There was service in the little church of Hillover, so Barbara announced her intention of going.

"You had better drive—the wind is keen," advised Lady Maverick, but the young girl preferred walking; so, equipped in a becoming winter-costume, she set out in the direction of Hillover. Walking slowly, sadly along, Barbara was startled out of all her self-possession by the sight of a familiar figure. It was he! She looked around for some way of escape, but there was none: she must meet him.

A lifetime's emotions crowded her mind while she struggled for self-control.

And now he had seen her, for his whole face lighted up, unmistakably. Then he sprang toward her, hat in hand, eagerness in his whole aspect. But there was no answering delight in Barbara's look, only self-contained coldness.

"Miss Maverick!" he cried, holding out his

hand, and would have added more, but Barbara spoke.

"How do you do, Mr. Owen?" she said, in the calmest voice she could command. "I am very glad to see you."

"I am delighted," faltered the young man, disappointment in his altered bearing.

A sudden cloud had come over the sun, and the wind blew chill. Barbara shivered slightly.

"How have you been since we last met?" the young lady went on, composedly. "Well, I trust."

"Quite, thank you. I hope you have been the same," was the awkward reply.

"And your wife, how is she? I believe this is the first opportunity I have had of congratulating you. I do so now, with all my heart." This last was said in her sweetest voice.

"Congratulating me? My wife? What do you mean?" The confusion of his manner had changed to bewilderment now. But Barbara was bewildered too.

"I met your wife last spring, and a very charming woman she seemed. I think you have been fortunate."

"My wife?" he exclaimed, excitedly. "You mean my brother's wife. I have none."

"Your brother's wife?" repeated Barbara, in increasing amazement. "I am sure you told me your brothers all died single."

A sudden light, as of hope, dawned in Dale Owen's face. He spoke rapidly, eagerly.

"Is it possible you thought that—that I could care for any other woman, even if you forgot me? It was all very strange. My brother Arthur—he was called Arthur Dale Owen—was secretly married. She was his inferior in everything but goodness—a true, lovely woman. They were married in Italy. He started home to break the

news to my mother, was taken suddenly ill, and died in Paris before he could communicate with me. I was abroad at the time, in Russia. I hastened home at once, brought Arthur to Owen-dale—attended to all the funeral arrangements. The shock killed my poor mother. I went at once to Italy. I could not bear the place. There was nothing among Arthur's effects—he was very careless—to tell us of his wife. After long waiting in vain, she wrote to me. At last I got the letter, and hurried away, as you know, from Italy. She had managed to get to Paris in search of Arthur. I found her there and took her to England. At first I hesitated to go to you. I was no longer the heir, for Arthur had left a son. At last, when I determined to offer you my diminished fortune, I heard that you were engaged to Captain Astley."

Dale was looking at Barbara now, his soul in his eyes. And Barbara? She had listened in breathless silence to this impassioned explanation. She could not speak.

"Is it true?" he began, slowly.

"Not—not quite," she faltered.

"Barbara, tell me, what do you mean? You torture me."

Both were unmindful of the winter's cold, as with trembling lips she whispered her confession.

"I am sorry for Captain Astley, dearest, but you know you love me, so it cannot be," said Dale, regret mingling with the tenderness in his tones, as he drew her hand in his arm.

And Barbara did not contradict him.

In her pity for Henry, Barbara could easily afford to be magnanimous, and forgive his over-fond mother. So she never mentioned that part of the misunderstanding to her husband when, in the long happy years that followed, Barbara was, indeed, Dale Owen's wife.

THE DOVES' WINDOW.

BY MARY LEONARD.

In a quaint gable of the old church-tower,
A latticed window glimmers deep and old;
Beneath it, dingy dials mark the hour;
Above it swings the wind-vane's battered gold.

An old, old window. Through its cobwebed panes,
The sunshine of a hundred years has shone;
Its sill is white with mold of many rains;
Strange echoes through its quaking sash are blown.

A haunted window. When the storms are out,
At midnight—so the old wives say—it shows
Plumed Indian shadows and the noiseless rout
Of phantom fray that grows and fades and grows.

Yet hither flocking, at the close of day,
From plain and valley, slope and hilltop, come

Great clouds of wings, dark on the evening gray—
The ancient church-tower is the wild doves' home.

Little they care for tale of crime and ghost;
Little they heed the winds that moan and weep:
Secure within their nests, the phantom host
May hold its warfare nor disturb their sleep.

So into lonely human hearts of sin,
Where nothing lovely, nothing hopeful, stirs,
Save ghostly memories of what has been,
God finds an entrance for His messengers.

From hill and slope, from nature's heart, they come;
The wood-stream sends them and the wee sweet flower,
To nestle fearless in their haunted home,
Even as the wild doves in the old church-tower.

OUR CITY NIECE.

BY JERUSH ANN SPRIGGS.

On, dear—I'm havin' a terrible tryin' time! Once in a while, I feel clear wore out, and think I'll give up sure; then I kinder ketch hold agin, as it ware, and go on a spell longer.

A niece of Bijah's, from the city, is stayin' with us. She has ben here a considerable space of time. If she'd ben a relation of mine, I should have packed her home to her mother long ago. But I want to do my whole duty by Bijah's folks, so he can't twit about my usin' my relations better than his'n—so I git along the best I can.

Belinda—that's her name—is about twenty year old. She ain't ugly nor very sassy, but she is chuck full of new-fangled idees and notions that sets my old-fashioned ways all askew, and sum of 'em are so flat and simple to look at that I feel as if I'd like to shake her. Don't s'pose 'twould do any good, though—she was trained up that way.

T'other day, she asked me if I didn't think 'twas a good plan for wimmen to be independent and rely on themselves—stand alone, without expectin' or receivin' help from the other sex.

Yes, sez I; in sum things, I should like to see wimmen more independent than they be. It is only in streaks that the quality shows. They are terrible afraid they won't git their rights and be allowed to do jest as they are a-mind to. They keep on the look-out, to see they ain't crowded into a back seat and their toes stepped on, and they argue that wimmen are equal, if not superior, to men.

But they hain't independence enuff to wear a bunnit or hat that is six months behind the style. They won't be seen in company with a dress on that they have wore more'n three times.

They dassent walk up and shake hands with a decently-dressed respectable woman because she ain't "in our set." I'm speakin' of the rich ones, you see.

And the workin' wimmen—they ain't independent as they mite be. They do want to foller their rich sisters—so they buy cheap stuff for dresses, and then git 'em made up with all the trimmin' the fashion allows; wear cotton velvet, when cashmere or suthin' else would look so much better.

Then they has their "set" to go in as well as

(58)

the tony ones. The gal who stands behind the counter in the big dry-goods stores rigs out in all the fine feathers she can command; and, if a woman cumns in to trade that ain't got up in style, she gits looked over with a cool stare, and is waited on with a sort of I-don't-care-whether-you-are-suited-or-not air—or, mebbe, snubbed outright.

These store-gals—or "salesladies," as they like to be called—look down on the shop-gals and factory-operatives, and they, in turn, snub and slight the honest pure-minded gals that do housework for a livin'. I wish sumbody would ixplain why one kind of work ain't jest as honorable as another, providin' it is honest respectable labor.

Belinda has got a terrible hobby for dekeratin'. My patience was wore a'most threadbare a-tryin' to put up with sum of her pranks; but I'm havin' a restin'-spell now, and hope 'twill last.

I went to the sewin'-circle, one afternoon, and didn't git home till dark. Next mornin', I wanted to stir up sum flapjacks for breakfast, and my big wooden mixin'-spoon was missin'. I looked ev'rywhere, and finally asked Belinda if she swallered it the day before. She smiled sweetly and led me into the parlor. There was that spoon, all painted yeller—"gilded," she called it—and hung up with a bow of red ribbin! I was beat, and asked if there was anything else dekerated. She took me into the spare chamber—and there was my old rollin'-pin that I'd used for well-nigh fifty years, covered with velvet, hung up with ribbins, and sum little brass hooks drove into it! A button-hook hung on one of 'em and a pair of scissors on anuther, and there was two or three empty ones. Is this all there is to see in this line? sez I, calmly, though I was about disgustid. She come downstairs, and brought along Bijah's bootjack. It was black as night—"ebonized," she sed—and had sum flowers painted onto it.

Well, sez I, you don't know as much as I thought you did. Do you raly think them things look enny better? And do they look as if they belonged in the new places? That spoon and that honest old rollin'-pin are ashamed of themselves. And, when your uncle gits up in the night, as he frequently does, and flings that

bootjack at a pack of cats, do you s'pose he'll stop to admire it, or the cats see enny difference in it? Seems as if you ruther overdid the dekeratin' bizness. I wonder you didn't get the milkin'-stool out of the barn, put on a velvet cushin', ebony the legs, and tie sum ribbon round it. And there's the coal-hod—that's all ebony already, and you might have painted sum wild roses onto it.

Oh! Aunt Jerushy, sez she, you hain't enny eye for art. That style of dekeratin' those things is all the rage. Let 'em rage, sed I; they won't rage round in my house. I like to see pretty things and knick-knacks scattered here and there, tasty like; but I won't have my house-keepin' utensils hung up round, for sensible folks to make fun of. That put a damper on dekeratin'. She hain't meddled with ennythin' else sence that.

There ain't but one of her notions that has amounted to anything sence she's been here. She wanted me to have the Ladies' Sewin' Society give a crazy supper. For mercy sakes, I sez, who do you s'pose will want to eat a crazy supper? Mebbe 'twill make 'em travel zigzag all the way home. But she kep' a-teasin', and finally the wimmen give in, and sed they'd have one, and she might boss the job. Of course, she had a good chance to spread herself, and she did. The table was set with all kinds of crockery, no two plates alike, and the cups and sassers all different. Part of the knives and forks was silver, and there was sum steel ones, with forks that had only two tines, like what I used when I fust went to housekeepin'. The napkins was paper of all colors, and everybody that eat supper had one to carry home, as a souvenier of the ocaashun, Belinda sed. Then the food was set on jest as it happened. Sauce, cake, bread, cheese, pickles, etc., all every which way. Six gals was waiters, and they had on paper caps trimmed with all the colors in the rainbow, and sum that never was seen there. They had neckties of narrer ribbon, of all shades, bunched together. The whole concern, table, and gals, looked droll enuff. But sumhow it took, and

there was a big crowd out that night. The vittals was good, if 'twas throwed on careless. The wimmen sed Belinda did fust-rate. I'm terrible glad on't, for it's a little grain more sensible than coverin' rollin'-pins or paintin' bootjacks.

She kep' kinder quiet for a number of days arter that supper come off. Then she got uneasy agin, and wanted the society to give a pink tea party. That idee liked to have clear upset me. I told her I used the uncolored Japan tea mostly, only sumtimes for a change I had sum green tea. The society used the same kinds, and I didn't want to mention no new colors of tea, nor she better not. Pink tea was onheard-of in this place, and I should be afraid it was unhealthly.

But 'tain't the color of the tea, Aunt Jerushy, she sed. It is the way the table is set, and the color used in dekeratin'. There now, don't get on that strain agin, for pity sake, sed I. Do they tie pink ribbins round the nose of the teakettle, and hang pink streamers from the stove-pipe? I think a bow on each of the legs of the stove would be the thing.

But no matter what fun I make, she persists in that projek, and I don't know but she'll manage to carry it out yet. If she does, and it is worth tellin' of, I'll let everybody know, so they can have one.

She has got a little snappin' poodle-dog that goes snarlin' round and gits under my feet about fifty times a day. When she gits him washed up, he is white; but, the rest of the time, he looks like a walkin' dirt-heap. When she goes out for a walk, she leads him along with a blue ribbon. What earthly use he is to her or anybody else, I hain't found out yet. But I am sure of one thing. If I had a young one that had to be combed, curled, washed, and fed on cake and candy, and then go yappin' at everybody that comes in, I'd spank him. But Belinda says lots of city girls have 'em. Oh! then, of course, you must, if it's style. I mean to tie the little beast to a pole, and wash winders with him, next spring.

LEFT BEHIND.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Poor pretty bright robin, left here in the cold!
How can we guess at your story untold?
Why, when the song-birds are all flown away,
Why is it, robin, why did you stay?

Poor pretty red robin, 'mid frost and 'mid snow—
With sweet note of song and with bright breast aglow,

You have sung when the flowers have faded and gone,
When dark clouds have gathered and bright birds have flown.

Is this your life's mission, oh robin red-breast,
To bring to a weary heart comfort and rest?
Then, e'en though thy life shall the sacrifice be,
The work of God's angels is well done by thee.